Set post 5x22, in the style of a slow morning:

Supernatural, Bobby / or + Castiel, barefoot in the kitchen.

There's the dripdripdrip of rain on the roof, there's the smell of burnt pancakes, and yeah, maybe Bobby should get up. It'd be nice if he could rescue another pan, and even nicer if he could convince the angel to stop trying to cook. Castiel may be top angel in Heaven, he may be the straightest shot Bobby's ever seen with a gun, but that doesn't mean that Castiel can cook.

Bobby's had Castiel's cooking before. He can ruin anything, even instant mashed potatoes. (How do you *burn water*?)

So Bobby pulls on a robe and his cap and he heads downstairs, marveling at every single step he takes on his own.

"Good Morning," Castiel greets once he hits the floor, and Bobby is relieved to see that he might be in time to prevent charcoal for breakfast.

It's browner than it should be, but it's not black yet, and Bobby's taking small miracles everywhere these days.

"Take it off the stove now, before it burns." Bobby says, and Castiel obeys after a moment. Then he turns off the stove, closes the cookbook, and retrieves two plates and silverware. (Which happens to be real silver, too, as it's an excess Bobby can explain as helpful against supernatural dangers.)

There's only one thing wrong with this picture, and it takes a moment for Bobby to figure it out.

Then he looks down and realizes that Castiel's barefoot on his kitchen floor, even as his coat and even his *tie* are still there.

Bobby shakes his head and sits at the table, letting Castiel plunk down a plate of slightly over-cooked pancakes in front of him, and this time it only takes one obvious glance at the counter to get Castiel to bring over the syrup. If nothing else, Bobby's angel is learning.

No, no, wait, Castiel isn't Bobby's angel. If anyone asked Bobby, he'd claim that Castiel's decided that he wants to have somewhere other than Heaven to hang out most of the time (privacy and a break from the problems upstairs, Bobby thinks) and Bobby figures he can put up with this. At least Castiel isn't getting drunk any more, after all.

So Bobby has a houseguest who has decided that he likes burning his pans in efforts to learn how to cook, who occasionally disappears for a day or two to deal with important angel business, and most importantly, a guest who will pop off to Japan or anywhere on Heaven and Earth to get a book for Bobby and his ever-growing library.

"Care to explain your feet?" Bobby asks a few bites into his not half bad pancakes, bracing himself for a typical Castiel answer.

Castiel looks at him, then at his feet, then back up.

"I have been reading books on human social customs. It is expected in this region for guests to remove their shoes before entering, correct?"

"Do you really think I care if you wear shoes in here?" Bobby has to ask. He does. Castiel learns these things far too late for them to be relevant, but it's not the weirdest he's seen from the angel.

"No, I do not." Castiel answers. "It is still a worthwhile custom to learn, I believe."

Bobby thinks of Dean's reaction to this news, whenever the idjit finds out.

"You're right." Bobby says. What the heck, it would be amusing. He shrugs, then works on his breakfast. It's a lot better than it usual is when Castiel makes it. "These are pretty good pancakes." He says to Castiel, and yeah, they are.

Castiel looks quietly pleased with himself, and Bobby decides not to mention that he needs an excess of maple syrup to really enjoy them.

It's the least he can do, after all.